

itself to those voluptuous indulgences to which a delicious climate, a luxurious capital, and the plundered opulence of a kingdom invited them. The other states of Italy were alarmed. Venice and Lombardy entered into negotiations with Austria and Spain, and formed a coalition for the expulsion of Charles VIII. The tidings came upon the French like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. There was no safety for them but in a speedy retreat to France. As the French troops, in their flight, greatly reduced in numbers, descended through the passes of the Apennines into the plains of Lombardy, they found their path hedged up by an allied army four times their number. There was no alternative between battle and surrender. The legions came together, in war's deadly shock, on the plains of Formosa. Charles VIII. was brilliantly victorious, and, scattering his foes before him, pressed forward to Turin, and thence returned to France.

Ferdinand II. reëntered his kingdom, where he died, after one short month, and was succeeded, as he left no children, by his uncle Frederic. Still we hear of nothing but war, originating in the most frivolous causes, and conducted without any ability. All the kingdoms, republics, and duchies of Italy continue in a state of incessant broil. There is nothing to interest the modern reader, in the record of their silly quarrels, and in the recital of their deeds of barbarity and blood.

In the year 1499 Louis XII., of France, sent an army across the Alps, and in less than a month conquered the whole duchy of Milan. Ludovico, the tyrannic duke, fled across the mountains into Germany. In an attempt to regain his duchy he was taken prisoner, sent to France, and died after ten year of solitary and rigorous imprisonment. Nearly all of Lombardy passed under the dominion of the French king. The French monarch, thus in possession of Milan, turned a wistful eye toward Naples. Frederic, the king, with a disbanded army, an empty treasury, dismantled fortresses, empty arsenals, and a kingdom impoverished and desolated by the last

war, could present but feeble resistance. Apprehensive that Frederic of Spain might aid his relative, Frederic of Naples, the French monarch made proposals to his Spanish brother, that they should divide the kingdom of Naples between them. A more barefaced robbery two highwaymen never plotted. We may, perhaps, be spared any painful exercise of sympathy for the victim, in the reflection, that he was even a worse tyrant, and a more unprincipled robber than the two confederated against him.

It is impossible to close our eyes to the fact that nearly all these rulers were alike atrociously corrupt; and that the masses of the people were as bad as the rulers. Through all the grades of society the strong trampled upon the weak.

In the confederacy between Ferdinand and Louis, there was peculiar infamy attending the perfidy of Spain. With villainy which extorts from history its most uncompromising denunciations, Ferdinand of Spain offered, with his troops, to assist the king of Naples to repel the French invasion. Gratefully Frederic accepted this offer of his relative, and placed all his fortresses in the possession of the Spanish troops. With consummate hypocrisy Ferdinand dissembled to the last moment, and then threw off the mask as the French battalions resistlessly crossed the frontiers. The unfortunate monarch, betrayed beyond redemption, was compelled to abandon his kingdom, and to seek the retreat which his conquerers condescended to grant him, in the island of Ischia. He ended his days an exile in France.

The two regal bandits quarreled over their spoil, and soon drew their swords against each other. The armies came to a general engagement near the castle of Cerignoles, in Apulia, and the French were totally defeated. Spain now claimed entire possession of the kingdom of Naples. But France sent another army into the disputed kingdom. This army also the Spaniards cut to pieces. Louis XII., menaced by an insurrection with the loss of his duchy of Milan, abandoned the con-

test. Such was the introduction of the dominion of Spain over the Neapolitan states. Gonsalvo da Cordova achieved, for his Spanish master, this important conquest. Notwithstanding the perfidy which disgraced his exploits, his heroic courage and military genius have secured to him the appellation of the Great Captain.

About the year 1510, the energetic pope, Julius II., formed the design of expelling all foreign domination from Italy. The warlike pontiff, leading his troops in person, commenced operations against the French. After a few successes, the papal army was entirely routed, and the pope fled to Rome for safety. But soon Julius II. formed a coalition with Spain and Venice, under the title of the holy league. Henry VIII., of England, also enlisted under the papal banners, glad of an opportunity to make war upon France. Louis XII. with heroic energy summoned his strength to meet this formidable alliance. Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours, a general of extraordinary abilities, took the lead of the French armies.

The hostile troops first met at Brescia. The conflict raged through the streets of the city, and eight thousand of the citizens perished in indiscriminate massacre. The terrific energy of de Foix was triumphant, and the city was surrendered for several days to all the horrors which could follow a successful assault. Flushed with this victory, and strengthened by recruits from France, the duke of Nemours marched to Romagna, and again met his foes, under the walls of Ravenna. After the battle of a few hours, ten thousand men were strewed in gory death over the plain, and again victory was with the French. But in the very last charge Gaston de Foix fell, an illustrious general, a ferocious and brutal man.

Though the French battalions were victorious, they had lost their general, their best captains, and the flower of their troops. The coalesced army, greatly strengthened, crowded them so vehemently, that they were compelled, to retreat. Disaster succeeded disaster, and the whole French force was

driven out of Italy. In the meantime the Swiss and the emperor of Germany had entered into this holy league. But now fierce conflict arose among the coalesced powers respecting the division of the spoil. In the midst of this strife Julius II. died.

Giovanni de Medici, second son of Lorenzo the magnificent, and who had been the boy cardinal, succeeded Julius II. on the pontifical throne, with the title of Leo X. Almost immediately upon the accession of Leo X. the holy league was dissolved. Louis XII. formed a new alliance with the Venetian republic, crossed the Alps, and again invaded the duchy of Milan. The Swiss rushed to the aid of Lombardy; the French were routed with tremendous slaughter, and Louis XII. soon after receiving the tidings of this check upon his ambition, was, by sudden death, summoned to God's bar.

Francis I. succeeded to the throne of France, and immediately commenced operations to retrieve the disgraces of the French arms, and to reassert his title to the ducal crown of Milan. The French monarch led his troops in person, and met the Milanese and Swiss at Marignano. All day long the roar of battle continued. Night closed upon the combatants. For four hours more the mingled armies fought by moonlight, until the moon went down and friends could no longer be discerned from foes. In the earliest dawn of the morning the battle was renewed. Twenty thousand dead then covered the ground.

"I have been," said Marshal Trivulzio, "in eighteen pitched battles. But every other seems to me like child's play, compared with this battle of giants."

At length the Swiss and Milanese slowly and menacingly retired, and the French did not dare to pursue. This horrible butchery led to a treaty of peace with Switzerland; and France recovered the whole duchy of Milan. The Swiss, not much to their honor, changed masters, entered into alliance

with Francis I. engaging to supply him with such infantry as he needed, for the prosecution of his wars.

Leo X. with characteristic policy ranged himself on the side of the victors, and by so doing gained supreme control over the French church. On the fifteenth of January, Ferdinand of Spain died, and his grandson, Charles V., succeeded to the Spanish kingdoms. Spain now was in possession of Naples; Lombardy was held by France; the emperor of Germany was ravaging the realms of Venice, in the attempt to annex those realms to Austria. Leo X. was in possession of the states of the church, and his nephew, Lorenzo II. of Medici, was duke of the states of Florence. There were also sundry small dukedoms not deserving of notice. Such was the aspect of dismembered and subjugated Italy.

On the nineteenth of February, 1519, the emperor Maximilian died, leaving all his hereditary states of Austria to his grandson, Charles V. of Spain. Charles V. thus became by far the most powerful monarch in Europe. Leo X. entered into a secret treaty with him to drive the French out of Italy. The terms were all agreed upon, and the combined army had successfully entered the Milanese territory, when Leo X. suddenly died, on the first of December, 1521.

The influence of the emperor Charles V. placed a Flemish ecclesiastic, who had formerly been his tutor, on the pontifical throne, with the title of pope Adrian VI. The French, however, were driven out of the Milanese duchy, and the great emperor of Spain and Germany became dominant over the Italian peninsula. The pontifical reign of Leo X. is remarkable for the luxurious profusion of his court, for the scandalous sale of indulgences, to meet his enormous expenditures of war and ambition, and for the Reformation which was consequently provoked. France was too powerful to surrender her Italian possessions without a struggle, and the war was long, bloody, brutal, and creative of unspeakable misery.

Adrian VI. was an austere man, of simplicity of manners,

purity of morals, and sincerity of views. The voluptuous, dissolute Romans detested him. They called him the *Bavarian Pontiff*, and indecently and openly rejoiced at his death, which occurred after a reign of two years. Clement VII. was his successor. Army after army Francis I. had sent into Lombardy, only to be destroyed. At length he led an immense force himself, and succeeded in taking the city of Milan. He then laid siege to Pavia. Through the long, cold months of winter his army was struggling to batter down the walls. In February the imperial troops approached to aid the defenders, and after a murderous battle, the French were utterly routed, and the monarch himself taken prisoner.

Charles V. was now master of Italy. The stupid pope awoke to the consciousness that Italian independence was gone. The throne of the Two Sicilies, the iron crown of Lombardy, the scepter of the Adriatic, and the keys of St. Peter, were all virtually in the hands of the emperor. Clement VII. formed an alliance with Henry VIII., of England, and Francis I., of France, who had been released from his captivity, to wrest Lombardy from the emperor. Florence, Venice, and the old duke of Milan were also confederates in this "holy league." But the emperor was too powerful for them all. Battles were fought, cities sacked and burned, harvests destroyed, and thousands of families perished in misery, through pestilence, famine, and the sword. Through all the dark record of Italian history we can find no record more dismal than that of the six years which followed the death of Leo X.

The legions of Charles V. trampled Italy beneath their feet. God seemed to empty upon Rome the vials of His wrath. The venerable capital of Christendom was taken by storm. A demoniac army of twenty-five thousand men, on the sixth of May, 1527, scaled the walls, and swept, in all horrible outrages, through the doomed city. Neither Goth nor Vandal had displayed such ferocity. No tongue can tell the scenes which ensued; no imagination can exaggerate them.

For nine months the wretched inhabitants of Rome were exposed to spoliation and outrage. In the midst of all these horrors the plague broke out. The sacred city! Pandemonium could hardly rival it in crime, misery, and despair.

The pope and thirteen cardinals were taken captive by the Spaniards, and for six months were closely imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. The pope was at length allowed to escape, after having paid four hundred thousand ducats for his ransom. Still, for two years, the savage warfare raged, the ranks of all the armies being filled with the most fiend-like men who could be gathered from all the haunts of beggary and crime in Europe. Charles V. was triumphant, and the fate of Italy seemed to be sealed.

Florence alone refused to bow her neck to the emperor. The pope and Naples infamously joined Charles V. to crush the heroic republic. The imperial army, under the prince of Orange, entered Tuscany forty thousand strong. The struggle was short, bloody, horrible; and Florence fell to rise no more. Her death-groan was heard in the cry of eight thousand of her citizens cut down by the destroyer; but they dragged with them, mangled and lifeless into the tomb, fourteen thousand of their murderers. What a band, to stand side by side in the same hour before God's tribunal!

Italy no longer had a national existence. For nearly three centuries of poverty, slavery, and dishonor, her history remains almost a blank. Strangers governed her large provinces; and the dukedoms and marquises degenerated into the small change which the great monarchs of Europe handed to their younger children. Still diabolical war spread its miseries in all directions, as the despots of Europe fought incessantly over their prey, like famished dogs gnawing at a bone. Petty duchies were created and extinguished. Territories were annexed and detached. There was constant change, but no progress, no improvement. There was a short period of forty years, at the close of the sixteenth century, when Italy

enjoyed the repose which may be found among a gang of slaves whipped into the most abject subjection. Still the Italian people were compelled to leave their homes to fight, in foreign lands, the battles of their masters.

Naples, including Sicily, was governed by viceroys, sent from Spain, who wrested incredible sums from the wretched Neapolitans by all the ingenious measures of taxation and extortion. The duchy of Milan was in like manner under the administration of a Spanish governor.

The Reformation, which had commenced in Germany, and spread through France and England, had exerted but a slight influence over benighted, enslaved Italy. Several insignificant popes lived and died, until in 1555 the tiara descended to the brow of Paul IV. He summoned all his energies to crush the Reformation, establishing the inquisition at Rome, and filling himself the office of grand inquisitor. A long series of successors followed in his footsteps, eight having passed from the pontifical chair to the tomb, in the short space of fifty years. These all were greatly under the domination of Spain. The civil government of the popes was as bad as bad could be. They frowned down popular intelligence; extorted enormous taxes, established ruinous monopolies, paralyzed industry, and banished population. Vast tracts were abandoned to malaria and sterility. Mussulman corsairs ravaged the coasts of Italy, and bandit hordes infested the interior of the country, despising the imbecile government.

Pope Paul III., wishing to make provision for one of his natural sons, detached from the Roman see a small expanse of territory, about as large as Rhode Island, and placed the young man, acknowledged as his son, but judiciously called in public his nephew, in possession, as duke of Parma. This first duke of Parma was as detestable for his tyranny as for his debaucheries. By the utmost extortion, in the shape of taxation in every form which ingenuity could devise, he was able to wrench from his half a million of subjects, a revenue

amounting to about one million of dollars a year—and all this by what is called divine right. The subsequent history of this dukedom is full of the romance of iniquity.

Tuscany, about the size of the state of Massachusetts, and with a population of a million and a half, became a grand duchy, administered by a grand duke, ever sustained by some foreign power. A more beautiful realm, in all of Nature's gifts, is not gladdened by the sun. The grand duke could without great difficulty extort from it an annual revenue amounting to four million five hundred thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ITALY AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM A. D. 1600 TO A. D. 1796.

THE DUCHY OF TUSCANY.—VENICE.—STATE OF ITALY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—THE DUCHIES OF PARMA AND MODENA.—RISE AND AGGRANDIZEMENT OF THE DUKE OF SAVOY.—STRUGGLES IN GENOA.—WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.—REPOSE IN ITALY.—PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE.—NAPLES UNDER SPANISH INFLUENCE.—THE PAPAL POWER.—ITALY AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION.—SARDINIA, TUSCANY, MODENA, GENOA, LOMBARDY, VENICE.—WAR AGAINST FRANCE.—NAPOLEON IN ITALY.—HIS VICTORIES AND HIS POLICY.

THE emperor Charles V. placed Cosmo de Medici, in the ducal chair of Florence, and pope Pius V. granted him the title of grand duke of Tuscany. He was a cruel and perfidious tyrant.

Cosmo was succeeded by Francisco, a duke who governed through the instrumentality of the poisoned cup and the dagger, and who lapped blood with the greed of a bloodhound. He married Bianca Cabello, the daughter of a nobleman of Venice. She was the wife of a young Florentine. Francisco saw her, and, inflamed by her marvelous beauty, invited her and her husband to his palace, and assassinated her husband. His own wife died just at that time, probably by poison, and the grand duke married Bianca. His brother, the cardinal Ferdinando, displeased with the union, presented them each with a goblet of poisoned wine, and they sank into the grave together. Ferdinando, the cardinal, by this treachery and fratricide, became grand duke.

During the whole of the seventeenth century Italy remained essentially unchanged. Chastised into submission, impoverished, and unarmed, she forgot her former glory, and seemed